YOUNG DAUGHTER CHOOSES HER SUMMER OUTFIT

Easter Holiday Time Is Clothes-Buying Time for Girls Home from College and Boarding School.

By Sarah Addington.

MRS. J. WITHERBY BAXTER and her four perfectly gowned daughters filed into the Easter congregation at St. Cecilia's, and every mother in the church sighed from the depths of her being. Mrs. Mortimer Westinghouse, whose spindling daughter roomed next door to fifteen-year-old Carolyn Baxter at the seminary, looked at Carolyn's curves and ruffles and curls, and her billowing silk skirts and the saucy little hat and groaned inwardly for Eugenia's angles her baked potato complexion and her shapeless "schoolgirl" clothes. Mrs. Andrew Appleby stared at Drusilla Baxter's perfectly ravishing hat and wondered bitterly what milliner the Baxters employed and why under the shining sun she had induced her own daughter to be content with a mere black, wide, flat thing that would be a trial to even a beautiful face. Mrs. William Wilson looked sadly at her own two nondescript daughters, for even young Susan Baxter, aged nine, seemed to wear her skirts with a swagger and her ribbons with an air. What was the secret? puzzled these mothers of girls.

Later in the week they all met at the Hudson Country Club tea. It was spindling Eugenia's mother that mentioned first that she hadn't had a moment to buy the dear child any new clothes, but that of course schoolgirls don't really need clothes. (She didn't add that every stitch Eugenia had on was new—ordered by telephone.)

"I don't agree," interposed Mrs. Baxter, the mother of four. "I tried that theory on Drusilla, and she was a perfect frump all through boarding school, with the consequence that she didn't know a basque from a smock when she got to college and began buying things for herself. Oh, I do love my children; but isn't spring vacation a hideous period for the mother of four girls? We've been buying, buying, buying!"

"I'd love to see the things you bought," spoke up one little mother whose children were all boys, and who therefore had no hard feeling against the Baxters.

"Come along!" invited the large-hearted Mrs. Baxter.

"We'd all love to," came the chorus of four other voices. So they all piled into one motor car and went around the bend of the road to the Baxters' country home.

"Drusilla is about to graduate, you know," explained Mrs. Baxter, leading the way to a certain cherry and white boudoir. "Therefore we had to get a graduating dress, a class day dress, a junior dance dress—all that sort of thing. Here's the graduation frock, point applique—dainty, don't you think?"

Dainty! It was luscious, that foamy, billowing whiteness of lace, with a mere white satin girdle and dropped puff sleeves and a ribbon rosette now and then. The blouse was a loose, crossed fichu and the skirt was very full, with drapings at the hips—that was all. But every woman present fully determined that her daughter should have a frock just exactly like it the next day, even if it weren't her graduation time.

For summer mornings, a blue and green printed voile, simple and quaint, with wide fichu and deep cuffs of white organdie. The double belt is of narrow blue velvet ribbon.

"Oh, but there were lots of other beautiful frocks," exclaimed Mrs. Baxter enthusiastically. "Georgettes with lace panels and boleros, nets with ruffles upon ruffles, white pleated organdies with fine lace insertion trimmings; all kinds of frock to make the college senior glad she's graduating."

Drusilla's class day frock was another white one, this time heavily embroidered, while pleated at the waist, wide at the hem and flaunting a little jacket affair in the blouse. There was a wide-brimmed garden hat for this, white straw and pink silk crown, with daisies and apple blossoms falling off the brim.

"The dance frock is lavender, bless her old maid's heart," laughed Drusilla's mother, "but with her younger sisters constantly appearing in pink and blue, Drusilla is striving for variety. But isn't this pretty, now, with the orchid ribbons falling from the waist to the hem over the tulle and the little ribbon bows everywhere? See what the sleeves are? Long angel flowing things, with the ribbons streaming from the shoulders, too."

Drusilla's sport costume turned out to be a white silk jersey suit, consisting of a one piece dress and a belted coat. The collar and cuffs were of bright green suede which only Drusilla's fresh cheeks could profit by. The dress was made with a shirt blouse of rolling collar and black silk tie; the skirt was circular and pocketed generously.

Mrs. Baxter exhibited the shoes for the outfit with a chuckle.

"These are they," she announced, "white with grass green tips and laces. I think they are totally objectionable—I loathe eccentricities in shoes, but Drusilla had to have them for her happiness's sake. I was able to persuade Marge into having just high white buckskin, but not her sister!"

Then came the exhibit of the school dresses, one a tiny blue and white check bound in blue satin and trimmed with rose crystal buttons, and the other a Quaker gray with wide white collar and cuffs. There were two or three linens, too, made very straight and boyish, striped skirts and new frilled blouses.

For the street Drusilla had the gray blue walking suit that had made such an impression the Sunday before. A very dashing little suit it was, with a wee flaring jacket, and a wide, wide skirt and a severe 1870-ish look about it.

"Come in here and see our new rags!" called out Carolyn à la young America. She and Marge were bustling around laying out frocks and coats.

"See, Mrs. Westinghouse, I have a grown-up afternoon dress, rose silk, with a vestee and ruffles at the cuff just like mother's," explained Carolyn painstakingly. "Even the collar sticks up in the back like Drusy's. Isn't it elegant?"

"And mine is gold colored charmeuse," broke in Margery, "with silver lace—oh, just a little bit, mother, but it's there just the same."

"Margery, being seventeen, is entitled to four inches of silver lace, the family conclave decided," added her mother.

"We never had afternoon dresses before, you know, Mrs. Westinghouse. Always wore white lingerie"—Carolyn made a wry face—"like Susan."

"My young ladies never had fur capes either, Mrs. Westinghouse," cut in their mother, "yet it was all I could do to pull them away from the fur department this morning. They felt called upon to buy the sable capes and stoles that the furriers are exploiting for the sizzling July days and the seashore."

"But wait till you see my white flannel sport suit, with chamois collar and cuffs and pockets, and my delicious little chamois hat to wear with it. Looks just like a policeman's hat, doesn't it, with its stiff little shape and the pearl buttons lined up straight across the top? Carol's sport suit is blue flannel and her hat is a white perforated straw, with blue moons painted all over it, hand done, you know.

"And here is my garden frock. Café au lait net with pink silk slip and roses on the shoulder. Marge's is ecru lace with rainbow girdle. We have ducky hats for them. See mine? All pink; I have always dreamed of an all pink hat, but this tulle one is really more than I had ever hoped for."

"And mine has a blue crown and pink brim, and the rainbow streamers to match the girdle."

"Children, you're wearing everybody out. Can't you skip a single detail? Or couldn't you trust the guests to get the fine points for themselves?"

"Oh, mother, do let us be the personal conductors. See, Mrs. Westinghouse, my cute little shepherdess dance dress, black velvet shoulder knots and all. And it really laces in front!" Carol eyed the dance frock.

"I don't go to dances, you see, I'm only fifteen. But I have what mother is pleased to call an evening dress, white chiffon, short waisted, accordion pleated, and I must say it looks more like a dance frock than any dance frock I ever saw. Marge is crazy to borrow it, but she can't get in it." Carol giggled.

"Oh, girls!" Mrs. Baxter interrupted, "you sound like two vain little peacocks. Our friends will think we have no interest in our family but clothes if you go on like this."

"No, not that," put in spindling Eugenia's mother, rising; "no, really. I suppose one does have to think about clothes long and carefully to have them right."

"Rather!" sang out the slangy Carolyn. "Why, haven't we spent our whole vacation on it?"

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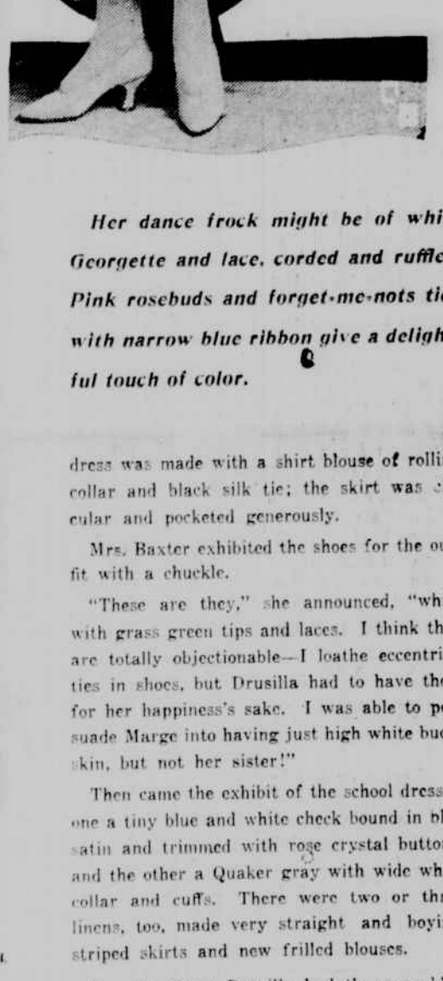
A good looking sports blouse for summer wear and tear is of green and tan striped Palm Beach cloth.

Above, one of the least assuming of the summer fur fads, a mole and ermine shoulder cape. The hat is maline covered black straw.



Her dance frock might be of white Georgette and lace, corded and ruffled. Pink rosebuds and forget-me-nots tied with narrow blue ribbon give a delightful touch of color.

It's a Wise Mother Who Can Direct, Without Seeming To, the Young Folks' Shopping Orgies.

WHAT THEY SAY TO THE CHILDREN

"Little Boys Who Lie Will Lose Their Tongues," the Cook Told Lawrence, Thereby Filling His Young Soul with Terror and Dismay and Leaving a Difficulty for Mother to Straighten Out.

"Little boys who lie will lose their tongues."

By Sidonie Matzner Gruenberg.

ONE of the serious problems of the mother who has become conscious of the need to do something more with her children than is conventionally expected, is to reconcile her principles and theories of child training with the conflicting mottoes and proverbs of a past age. The difficulty is complicated because the unacceptable ideas are embodied in people for whom one must have some regard, or for whom one may even care a great deal.

When Aunt Patience visited at the Lumleys, she was shocked at the freedom of speech that the children seemed to enjoy at home. They spoke their views at the table, and they told of the incidents of which they were reminded, just as the older folks did, and Miss Patience felt constrained to remark that she had been brought up with the idea that "little children should be seen but not heard." This was slightly disconcerting to the children, but it would have had no permanent effect as a silencer. The mother, although she had made up her mind long before what the policy of the home would be with regard to children being heard, asked the children to withhold their talk, and during the rest of the aunt's visit they were seen more than they were heard—by her.

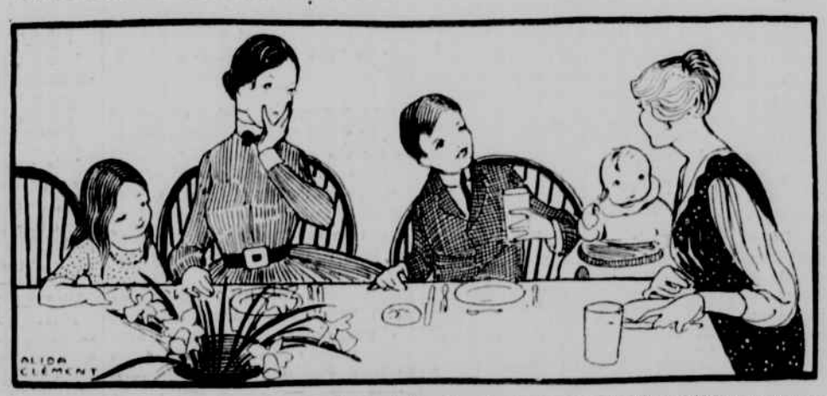
After the first family meal, the mother made an attempt to find out how far "set" Aunt Patience was; and decided that it would not be worth while to argue her own point of view. But by her continued courtesy to the aunt, she showed the children the necessity of conceding gracefully to the old lady's prejudices without in any way accepting her ideas or standards in place of their own. We have learned the value of freedom of speech, even for children; but we must learn also, and have the children learn, that on occasion a certain restraint upon that freedom is more becoming than a lack of deference to others.

In this case the children felt that their mother's sympathies were with them; and although they were being subdued more than was customary they did not resent this.

Sometimes, however, people say things that have a more serious import, and as "little pitchers have long ears," we often feel that we must either guard them against what others say, or be ever on our guard to counteract the objectionable sayings. Little Lawrence, in common with other children of his age—namely, three years and a bit more—frequently made statements that were not in strict accord with objective reality. The new cook affected to be shocked by his "lies," and one day said to him, "Little boys who lie will lose their tongues." As Lawrence had his share of imagination, he at once pictured to himself the horrible fate of the untruthful; and his conscience began to trouble him about any lies of which he might have been guilty before he knew what a terrible thing might befall. At last he came to his mother with his worries. "Is that true, what Martha said, that if I tell a lie I will lose my tongue?"

However undesirable lying is, the fear of the devil is even more so, and mother proceeded to instruct her son in folk psychology. "What Martha meant," she said, "is not that you would lose your tongue, but that if you keep on saying lies, people will stop believing you, and then, no matter what you say, it will be just the same as not saying it. You will be able to speak, but it will do you no good."

Lawrence was greatly impressed. After a few moments of silence he said, "Mother, it's like the story of the boy and the wolf, isn't it?" Lawrence understood; mother understood. Martha had made her contribution to the education of the child in a crude and awkward way, in a way that the mother would strongly disapprove. But the mother had plucked victory from the disaster, and that without discrediting Martha in the eyes of the child. Martha was still as wise as a person in her position is supposed to be—by the child—and her foolish instruction had been made to reinforce the less crude instruction that the child had received before.



"Aunt Patience . . . was shocked at the freedom of speech the children seemed to grive."

So many people are foolish, and so many are ignorant and superstitious. And however much we should like to silence them, they will continue to say things that we do not wish to have our children hear. But we may be sure that the foolish and superstitious things that foolish and ignorant people say are put forth in perfectly good faith. For the sake of the children we must meet those sayings on the basis of their good intentions, and extract from them what little residue of truth may still remain in them. It is superstition that tells a child that it is "unlucky to pass under a ladder," but it is good sense to explain to the child that the ill luck is a matter of adverse probabilities that it is practically imprudent. We must learn that the doctrines and maxims which we reject are not to be dismissed with a sneer; for the sneer may hurt the child more than the unsound doctrine.

We must teach the child to search constantly for sounder doctrine, but without disparagement of those who hold what may be to us "queer" views. For if we ourselves mean to believe only what is trustworthy, we must by the same token concede the sincerity of others. And no matter what "they say" "they" must not be exposed to the contempt of the child.

It is the problem of cultivating, on the one hand, the attitude of dissent from what does not appeal to the intellect or to the habitual sentiments, and, on the other hand, the attitude of tolerance for those who differ from us. For the salvation of the child's integrity, one attitude is as important as the other.

"Is that true, what Martha said . . . ?"

Demand for Silk Coats.

THE houses making separate coats are receiving many orders for silk coats of taffetas, satins and failles suitable for afternoon wear, "The Dry Goods Economist" says. These are shown mostly in navys and blacks, but color is frequently introduced in the large collars, revers and cuffs and occasionally in the belts. Pongee and tussah coats are featured by several of the larger houses and promise to be in good demand during the warm weather. For street wear many coats of serges, gabardines, poplins and twills are being taken, in navy, black, tan and gray. There has been some call for covert coats, both in the various tan shades and in the dark olive green tones. Sport coats of wool and silk jersey are in excellent demand at present, in bright colors, as well as in stripes. Knitted fabrics in tweed effects are being featured by some of the houses. A few corduroys are being shown, as well as some novelty cotton velours. A few new seashore wraps in taffeta and in novelty silks have just been brought out.